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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904. NUMBER ~~30~~ 4

WORLD AND POET.

Sing to us, Poet, for our hearts are broken;
  Sing us a song of happy, happy love,
Sing of the joy that words leave all unspoken—
  The light and laughter of life, oh, sing thereof!
Oh, sing of life, for we are sick and dying;
  Oh, sing of joy, for all our joy is dead;
Oh, sing of laughter, for we know but sighing;
  Oh, sing of kissing, for we kill instead!
How should he sing of happy love, I pray,
  Who drank love's cup of anguish long ago?
How should he sing of life and joy and day,
  Who whispers Death to end his night of woe?
And yet the Poet took his lyre and sang,
  Till all the dales with happy echoes rang.

—*Richard Hovey.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

ILLUSTRATED BIRD TALKS BY RETT E. OLMSTEAD

In Single Lectures or in a Series of Six or Less. For Terms, Address DECORAH, IOWA

READERS OF UNITY who have followed the Tower Hill Letters this summer will need no introduction to this Bird-man who is also, perhaps necessarily so, a knight of the camera of no mean skill. Having witnessed his interest and enjoyed his enthusiasm for two summers at Tower Hill, the undersigned is anxious that many more should look through his camera and profit by his eyes.

Hence this page full of more recent good words called forth by Olmstead, the man with a camera, a hunter that catches without killing. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

TESTIMONIES:

STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
ELDORA, IOWA, April 12, 1904.

Mr. Olmstead gave a most pleasing and instructive lecture on "Birds and Bird Life" to the five hundred and fifty boys, teachers and officers of the State Industrial School for Boys on last Saturday evening, April 9. Mr. Olmstead illustrates his lectures with a number of very interesting stereopticon views, which makes his entertainment particularly attractive to children and adds very greatly to the interest of it for all. It is certainly one of the most unique and interesting evening entertainments that any church, school, club or society could secure for an evening and be assured of something pleasing and instructive. We shall be glad to have him another year.
B. J. MILES, *Superintendent.*

CRESTON, IOWA, April 13, 1904.

The lectures given by Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, Tuesday, at the Temple Grand opera house, under the auspices of the City Federation of Clubs, were attended by large audiences, who were highly pleased at the descriptive manner of the address, which treated to a large extent of the song birds of Iowa, and which was illustrated by photographic views taken by the speaker under all conditions of life, and which were thrown on the screen by the use of a stereopticon instrument. Scenes were given of the birds in the nest, seeking food, and in every situation which could be imagined, and the full description which accompanied the views showed that the lecturer has been a close and industrious student of bird life, and has conducted his researches to good advantage. He is a man of pleasing address and a winning personality, and kept the attention of his audience without trouble. The two lectures given in the afternoon were absolutely free to the 1,600 or more school children and they were highly enjoyed by the children.—*Creston Advertizer-Gazette.*

BURLINGTON, IOWA, April 15, 1904.

Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, delivered a most interesting discourse on "Birds" at the Congregational church last evening to a good sized audience composed largely of children. The lecture was given for the benefit of the Humane Society of this city and was illustrated with beautiful and apt lantern slides. The pictures, many of them from photographs taken by Mr. Olmstead himself, were wonderfully clear in pose and situation. A marvelous ingenuity was shown in the devices by which the speaker had obtained these "sittings" from the little feathered people. Mirrors placed in the openings of trunks of trees so as to let the light into the nest down in the trunk, or a string attached to the camera and stretched across the nest so that the bird alighting would take its own picture, were some of the devices to which he had to resort to obtain the wonderfully natural poses. The speaker told of the necessity of knowing the language of nature, and emphasized the need of being in the midst of nature spiritually as well as physically. If the children know and love the birds, this will do away with the shooting and hurting of the birds.—*The Burlington Hawk-eye.*

CORNING, IOWA, April 20, 1904.

Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, gave the closing number of the library lecture course Monday evening. "Our Common Birds" was the subject of his talk, which was very interesting to bird lovers. Mr. Olmstead is a close and patient observer and his stereopticon views, from photographs taken mostly by himself, were exceptionally fine. The free entertainment in the afternoon for the 600 school children was greatly enjoyed. —*Adams County Union-Republican.*

IOWA INSTITUTION FOR FEEBLE MINDED.
GLENWOOD, IOWA, April 28, 1904.

Dear Mr. Olmstead: It gives me pleasure to say to you that our children enjoyed your illustrated lecture on "Birds" very much. All forms of Nature Study appeal to children, and ours are no exception to this rule. We were all very pleased to have you visit the institution, and remember your lecture with a great deal of pleasure. Yours very truly,
GEORGE MOGRIDGE, *Superintendent.*

IOWA CITY, IOWA, April 29, 1904.

A treat of beauty and of curiosity gratified was the lot of those who attended the bird lecture at All Souls' last evening. Mr. Olmstead is an easy speaker, a genial man and overwhelmingly in love with his subject. He has just the right feeling and patience for a student of nature. His work has required much time and ingenuity. When one sees a hundred such beautiful slides as were presented, he begins to realize how very important the realm of life is that wears feathers. The difficulty of getting knowledge of them dawns upon him. Birds have ways. Mr. Olmstead by his quiet ingenuity has learned at first hand many of these ways. His pictures cover all the more important birds of Iowa. They were shown first in their natural colors, and then their habits, nests, eggs and their young. There was no attempt at scientific knowledge, but the object was to give experience and results such as an average lover of nature might have, if they have the right spirit and improve the opportunities which their walks afford. Several boys remained to talk with the lecturer and one passed the remark, "Well, you got us started all right."—*Iowa City Republican.*

IOWA CITY, IOWA, April 29, 1904.

"Olmstead, the bird man," justified his reputation as a second Burroughs or Thoreau, in All Souls' church last evening. Discussing birds and picturing them photographically, as well as in word paintings, the lecturer delighted, edified and won applause. A better entertainment in point of pure pleasure, and real profit, has not been given in Iowa City, in many a day. The Ernest Thompson Seton of birds will always be welcomed to the Athens hereafter.—*Iowa State Press.*

ROCHESTER, MINN., May 5, 1904.

The lecture on "Birds" given this afternoon before the 1,000 school children of this city at the Universalist church by Rett E. Olmstead was one of the finest addresses ever heard in this city. Mr. Olmstead brings the life of the woods right before you and explains and tells about the feathered songsters in a way that makes one a very interested listener. His colored slides are perfect. He will speak to the older people this evening. Don't miss it.—*Post and Record.*

ROCHESTER, MINN., May 6, 1904.

Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, returns to give a second lecture on birds at the Grace Universalist church yesterday afternoon and evening. Fully 1,000 school children heard him in the afternoon. All who heard him were pleased with his descriptions of bird life and the beautiful views with which he made plain all parts of his lecture. The Library Board is deserving of credit for securing Mr. Olmstead, for such entertainments are both profitable and pleasing. Fully 1,000 persons received an inspiration to love and protect all forms of bird-life.—*The Daily Bulletin.*

DE WITT, IOWA, May 7, 1904.

The lecture "Birds and Bird Ways" by Mr. Olmstead will long be remembered in this community. Our entire school of two hundred and sixty pupils was in attendance and listened with the greatest interest to the speaker throughout the entire evening. Mr. Olmstead possesses the peculiar power of holding the attention of all ages, from the wee tot of the primary to the gray-haired member of the school board. I earnestly wish that this lecture might be given before every school in Iowa. Yours very truly, MARGARET BUCHANAN, *Principal.*

MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, May 19, 1904.

Mr. Olmstead: Your lecture is well worth hearing and is along the line of the most fascinating Nature study. I certainly wish that I might have the benefit of your instruction myself and that every one of my teachers might hear your lecture. Very truly, ANNIE E. PACKER,
County Superintendent of Schools.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY,
OWATONNA, MINN., May 19, 1904.

In celebration of the Library's annual "Bird-day" we were fortunate this year in having an afternoon and an evening lecture by Mr. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa. Mr. Olmstead has his subject thoroughly in hand and is a most pleasing speaker, gaining the sympathy of the hearers from the beginning. A great good has been done in our community, among the children, especially, by these entertaining and very helpful lectures. I hope we may have him again next spring.
MAUDE VAN BUREN, *Librarian.*

FOREST CITY, IOWA, June 3, 1904.

Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, gave his lecture on "Bird Life" before the pupils of the public schools in the afternoon and to a general audience in the evening. He is greatly interested in our feathered friends and in a forcible and pleasing manner presents this phase of animal life. Forest City would welcome him again and would furnish an audience of interested listeners. Respectfully, H. O. BATEMAN, *Superintendent.*

FOREST CITY, IOWA, June 4, 1904.

The lecture you gave here last week on birds has creatd quite an interest and of all that attended your overflow meeting in the afternoon I have heard nothing but praise. You are surely doing a great work for the birds and when you are doing for the birds you are doing for humanity. What information I obtained from you while here has been a great pleasure and satisfaction to me. Wishing you every success in your good work, I am, Cordially yours, B. A. PLUMMER.

ALGONA, IOWA, Sept. 7, 1904.

The lecture on "Birds" given by Prof. Rett. E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, was one of the most instructive and interesting it has been our lot to hear and see. The teachers of the Institute all speak very highly of it and hope to be able to hear him again. C. H. BELKNAPP, *County Supt. of Schools.*

ROCKWELL CITY, IOWA, Sept. 8, 1904.

Dear Mr. Olmstead: Your Bird Lecture before our Normal Institute this summer was highly satisfactory in every respect. It was both instructive and entertaining; the views were exceptionally good. I know that the teachers have a better appreciation of birds since having heard you. May you continue to interest and enthuse teachers and others in the study of birds. Very respectfully, W. R. SANDY,
County Supt. of Schools.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904. NUMBER 30

When a beloved hand is laid in ours—
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth forever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Louis F. Post of *The Public* drives one of the sharpest editorial pencils in Chicago. His editorials are always clear and often very pointed, as one in a recent number will indicate. He expresses the hope that the characteristic democracy will prove itself "something better than an organic office-hunger." Alas! "organic office-hunger" is too apt a characterization of many party organizations and much partisan activity.

The Camp Hill School in Alabama publishes the *Industrial Student Monthly*. This little organ carries on its front page a motto from Confucius—"Give instruction unto those who cannot procure it for themselves." In this paper we read that the school is in need of a good printer's outfit. Three hundred dollars would furnish such an equipment. Here is a chance to make an investment which capitalists may well consider. Alas for the capitalists who have no eye for such investments!

The readers of *St. Nicholas* for September will have more respect for the sardine, if not a greater relish for it, after reading the text and the pictures in the article entitled "Brittany, the Land of the Sardine." The name first came from Sardinia, but the trade has made of it a label that libels fish caught, pickled and canned in Brittany. A fish can be a sardine without swimming in the waters of Sardinia. Our preacher readers and students of ecclesiastical theology may perhaps like to draw a parallel. We started out with a comment in mind but the comment has escaped us; however, the *St. Nicholas* with its article remains in hand—a charming number; one well qualified to enlist the interest and improve the minds of children fifty years old and upward.

A recent visit to the Domestic Science Room of the Hillside Home School disclosed the fact that the vacation task of this Department is to fill a thousand glass jars with the delectable products of garden and orchard —tomatoes, corn, apples, plums, grapes, etc., etc.; and *The Southern Letter* for August, the organ of the Tuskegee Institute, tells us that the canning division of that institution has put up so far 14,084 gallons of fruit, nearly all the work having been done by girls under the supervision of Mr. Penny, the chaplain of the institution. This ought to be food for the parson's mind as well as body. Timothy Titcomb was ridiculed for sending the hero of "Bitter Sweet" down cellar to find sermon material. Surely there is the gospel of the canned fruit shelf; let some homiletic mind seek to find it, and send the manuscript, after it is written, to UNITY and we will publish it.

The Public takes occasion to remind its readers that it is a great mistake to suppose that the Henry George movement is making no progress because it makes but little organized display. It claims that there is a public sentiment developing, sometimes crudely, often timidly, and on occasion boldly, an interest that pushes the cause ever with leaps and bounds. It says:

> "The advances of the Henry George movement in Australasia, in Great Britain, in Canada, and even in the United States are notable; but in Germany it is supposed to have made none whatever. Yet now come reports from Germany which show that even there, crudely and without premeditation, but unmistakably, it has been silently gathering force until now its beneficent effects are manifest and its single tax characteristics obvious."

Those who may fail to grasp the logic of the single tax, to whom the moral argument does not appeal, must feel the practical arguments that come from the present very unsatisfactory system of taxation and the tangibility of the other theory which at least makes lying of no avail; the land will not play hide and go seek; you cannot conceal it and the surveyor's chain will not lie.

The New World is the title of our Chicago Catholic exchange. It is a paper that displays much editorial energy. There is something enlarging in the reading of a newspaper that represents a world-wide organization and that calmly assumes the centuries. This editor believes in newspaper poetry in the land of the little people, to which a page is devoted; also a page is devoted to "The Church Around the World," from which we learn that recently eight hundred pilgrims went up from Liverpool to Saint Winnifred's Well in North Wales; that the Very Reverend Cyrin Thomas of Kentucky was the first Catholic priest in

America to own an automobile; that Judge John W. Corcoran, recently deceased, was the first Catholic to sit on the bench of the Supreme Court; that the Franciscans have recently added a new monastery to the California list; that the Jesuit Fathers of New Orleans are establishing a new high grade school; that Los Angeles is to have a Catholic settlement house sustained by an organization of Catholic ladies in the Latin Quarter "where proselyters are most active in their work of perversion"; that forty exiled French nuns are on their way to Canada, and that his Holiness, the Pope, is actively interested in the restoration of Gregorian music in church services, all of which and much more is interesting and suggestive, even to a member of the larger Catholic church, not of Rome, but of humanity.

In these days of combines, unions and trusts, it is refreshing to come upon so stimulating a report of a heavenly combine as that found in the annual report of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois for the year ending April 30, 1904. This work was begun November, 1900, with one worker, and without revenue. It now represents two well-equipped offices, with a third about to be established; three field headquarters, and ten expert men giving their entire time to the work in Illinois, with an additional clerical force of five. Over seventeen thousand dollars were expended in the work last year. This first success is, partially at least, traceable to the fact that it has a live executive in the person of William H. Anderson, General Superintendent; but still more perhaps to the fact that it has a very clear program, which it pursues in a most business-like way. This program consists first and foremost in the securing of an enactment of a local option bill for the State of Illinois. Such a law upon the statute book of Illinois means the closing of ten thousand saloons, as conceded by the liquor men. This, to our mind, represents the latest and largest wisdom concerning this vexed question at the present time. Let each town, county, city or ward be permitted to decide by popular vote the nature and extent of its liquor license privileges; the result would be prompt agitation, a significant showing of hands and a line of propaganda which would inevitably bring high results. There is no need of amassing further evidence concerning the accursed nature of the liquor traffic, but there is great need of amassing the evidence that it is possible, in many communities at least, to do away with the saloon, and that when the saloon is done away with, much of the mischief wrought by liquor is also done away with.

Many of the "booklet" kind of magazines, the whimsical periodicals of personality, of which the *Philistine* is perhaps the best known, give themselves to the dangerous task of creating literature. In each issue there is evidence that the editor is trying to say something in a way that will last. But Mr. Mosher of Portland, Maine, has a humbler and on that account a safer and a saner purpose in his *Bibelot,* which has reached number nine of the tenth volume. From the first he has been content to reproduce literature, to go in search of things excellent; he is happiest when he makes a "find" in some out of the way nook in the literary world. A lilt so dainty as to merit the clumsy neglect of the world's dull ear; a psalm too unconventional and on that account too real to secure the protection of the liturgy; a story too exquisite to thrive in the full glare of the mid-day sun; a poet waiting for his triumph—these and such as these constitute the contents of the dainty volumes. Happy is the man who owns a complete set, well bound. Mr. Mosher has a keen scent for things rare and quaint—things that will last. Already in this year he has given us exquisite things from Maurice Hewlitt, Lionel Johnson, Fione McLeod, Marriott Watson, Oscar Wilde, Edward McCurdy, Walt Whitman, and Richard Hovey. The September number is given to dainty bits selected from this last named poet whose untimely death at thirty-five left the prediction that he would be some day counted as one of the three chief names in American poetry forever unverified. It is a serious business to master a new poet, to conquer a new volume of verse and make it one's own; too few people undertake it in these hurried days. It is a welcome help to have somebody go on before and select a few of the choicest apples so that we may cultivate a taste for the entire output of the tree. In the brief "Appreciation" that introduces this selection we are told by Laurens Maynard that "Richard Hovey had the same confident and imperturbable optimism and the same large sanity in religion as Whitman. He knew that

> "* * * the end is glorious
> And the goal a golden thing,
> And that God is not censorious
> When his children have their fling."

And Mr. Stedman is quoted as saying that "his 'Taliesin' is sheer poetry or nothing—the proof of an ear and a voice which it seems ill to have lost just at the moment of their complete training." We find the poem which is our frontispiece for this issue in the pages of this September number of *The Bibelot.*

After fifty-nine days of strain, turmoil and unspeakable hardships to body and mind on the part of fifty thousand, more or less, men, women and children directly involved, with the immeasurable anxiety, uncertainty, loss and danger experienced by the general public, the great meat-packing strike has come to an end —an end that must bring little spiritual satisfaction to any of the parties concerned. It was a fight to the finish and the employers won out; their winning or the laborers' defeat does not settle a single question of equity involved. No war ever does settle the equity of any question; it simply shows on which side are marshaled the heaviest battalions. The packers won out in this case simply because the butchers' unions and their allies were unable to corner the labor market; there were too many men, women, and children looking for a job and ready to take it on terms offered.

Whatever questions of equity were involved at the outset were lost sight of in the struggle. Indeed, we suspect that in the latter days of the struggle such questions were never broached. It was a struggle for a recognition on the part of the unions, and a determination to refuse to negotiate on any terms with such unions on the part of the employers. Clearly, somebody blundered seriously in this struggle. The first settlement, which came at the end of the first week, seems to have been one that did credit to all parties concerned. The sequel now abundantly shows that Donnelly, the leader of the butchers, "lost his head," precipitated a second fight without adequate consideration, as a result of which the laborers lost much of the ground which they seemed to have gained in the first effort. But even now it is no sentimental optimism that discovers some deposit of good in the grim outcome. It is one more tremendous argument against the sanity, equity, or economy of a strike; it is another illustration of the way not to do it. We believe that at the end of these fifty-nine days each party has won the respect of the other to a degree; there is probably more mutual confidence now than there was two months ago. We believe also that in view of the turbulent elements it had to deal with and the irritating situation, the unions have displayed an amount of discipline, a degree of self-control and a skill in self-directing that may well justify the fundamental principle of trades-unions; and however reluctant the employers may be to deal with these great labor aggregations, the logic of the situation demands that they sooner or later grant to labor the right which they themselves so skillfully exercise—the right of combination; and once that right is granted, it will be their mutual interest to expedite conferences looking towards the adjustment of grievances and to ultimately find a method of consultation and co-operation that will make strikes and lock-outs impossible, or at least make these brutal tactics of war the last and not the first resort of the aggrieved, whether the aggrieved be the employing capitalists or the employed laborers. Much time has been lost, much property has been wasted, congested capital and labor has resulted in far-reaching disorders which only the expert physician can detect in the body politic, economic and social in the months and years to come.

Let all parties concerned now strive to atone for the mistakes of the past; let the bitter words be forgotten and regretted, the violent deeps deplored and condemned. To the end that such mistakes may be avoided in the future, let labor become more intelligent and capital more consecrated; let industry be made more honorable and wealth more serviceable; let purse and brawn justify themselves to the world by devoting themselves less assiduously to self-seeking and selfish ends, more generously to the common cause, to the common interests of humanity. The strike should make capitalists more generous and laborers more cheerful; wealth should have less the taint of greed, and labor be less brutal, suspicious and envious. Let tenderness come out of strength, sweetness out of hatred.

"Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune.

"NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, HAMPTON, VA., Sept. 6th, 1904.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, ESQ.,
Chicago.

Dear Sir: Comrade Geo. S. Fobes passed away last evening about 5 p. m. Poor fellow! he was literally tired and worn out; I think suffered no pain, but simply gave out. He was always until the last thinking and trying what good he could do for others. Yours very truly,

F. J. R. COLLIN, Librarian.

The readers of "Jess" will remember the quaint story of Frank Wood, the war-horse who from the heaven of faithful horses wrote a letter to Jess* which we reprint in another column (see p. 477). In those pages the author, the writer of this note, has given some hint of the writer of this letter, the master of Frank Wood, the quarter-master who at Stone River received the blow from a fragment of a flying shell that was more cruel than death. The shell struck the "temple dome of thought" so as to leave the brain, the sensitive organ of mind, crippled forever after. The soul retained its nobility through great suffering and much tribulation; it held hard to its faith in eternal verities and to its interest in human welfare.

We first knew George Fobes in the UNITY office back sometime in the early eighties as an eager post-office mission correspondent. If our memory serves us rightly, he found UNITY and the Post-Office Mission correspondent, who was connected with All Souls Church, through William C. Gannett, now of Rochester, who was already on his correspondence list. It was evident from the start that he was not quite all right in the head; the "jangling" was manifest, but so also were the "sweet bells" always in evidence. His interest in ideas was keen; he was a self-appointed and diligent missionary of the humaner faith; he was alert for every new thing published at UNITY office.

That he early became a careful and persistent reader of UNITY was made manifest by the frequent orders for special numbers to be sent to specified individuals. The soiled postage stamps, the battered bills, stray coins, and an occasional money order told too plainly of the meager income and the life hampered without as it was tortured within. He was a voluminous letter writer; his letters came often; they began, often, clear in thought and legible in handwriting, but as the pages increased the sentences grew incoherent, the letters became blurred, until at last they were run into utter unintelligibility. Those to the Editor-in-Chief were generally accompanied by enclosures—clippings from current newspapers, scraps of poetry, extracts from sermons, oftentimes annotated, all of which testified to a refined and suffering spirit. Early in the correspondence he seems to have found shelter in the government Home for old soldiers in which he died.

Two or three years after the reception of the Frank Wood letters and picture the writer of this note steered his March escape from the Chicago weather towards Virginia, partly for the sake of calling on his correspondent. He found him "every inch a soldier"; erect in form, noble in bearing, with a brow that was indeed a worthy "temple dome." He was then "on duty", acting

*(See "Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel." By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Macmillan Company. Pp. 31-38.)

as best he could in the capacity of what might be indicated in modern phrase as a sergeant's orderly.

After the first shock and hesitancy, that indicated a painful realization of his own condition, his manner became cordial and his conversation clear and vivacious. His mind was marvelously stored with current lore of progressive religious thought and movements. His table was piled high with such magazines and papers as UNITY readers most delight in—the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, the *Christian Register, Boston Transcript, Springfield Republican, etc.* The much worn scissors, the paste-pot, pencils, and ink showed the active mind. But ever and anon he would stop, look anxious, and say, "You must not let me tire you, for you know I am not all right here always" (tapping his forehead), "and I may not know when to stop." Incidentally came pathetic revelations of the old story, the old suffering, and a deep longing to be at rest, to escape pain, suppressed and curbed by a fortitude inspired by the desire to be useful. It was evident that he felt himself to be a non-commissioned chaplain in the interest of religious freedom and progressive ideas. Calvinism had cast its dark shadow athwart his life and he was anxious to save others from a similar experience. Albert Barnes, the commentator, somehow impinged upon his early life, impressing him with a sense of the nobility of the man and the grewsome nature of his faith. He walked about with his visitor and introduced him to those more miserable than himself. In front of the main building facing the beautiful beach where once was seen the manœuvering of the Merrimac and the Monitor he called our attention to two young trees growing on the lawn flanking the walk to the beach. He said, "Those are my Scylla and Charybdis. In my pain it is a struggle for me to keep between these two trees; if ever I should fail and go to the one side or the other I should never return; the waves are so inviting when the pain is so hard."

But the note printed above indicates that he held firm to the end. Forty years of conscious wandering on the border land of sanity; forty years of an unquenched desire for usefulness; forty years of yearning sympathy with the soul-disturbed lives of men and women; forty years of a life in death, a survival of the battle stroke; how welcome the rest! What sad rejoicings in the minds of those who knew him, his many correspondents! His letters became less frequent at the last, and last winter a kind friend wrote for him that he was getting weak; could send no more money; could hardly read UNITY; he thought the management had better send the paper where it would do some good and suggested the discontinuance, but UNITY continued to seek its dear friend. Once he wrote to one of his correspondents at the UNITY office of a time when he stood in a Tennessee valley, mountain-girt, but cloud-shadowed where it was dark, damp and dismal, but on the mountain tops he could see that the sun was shining on the heights, and he said, "perhaps above my own clouded mind the clear sun is shining to-day." Surely the sun was shining, is shining, and will forever shine over the pathetic story of George Fobes, and we will rejoice that a patient soldier, not only of the Union but a soldier in the cause of love and freedom, has at last received his belated discharge, has been mustered out and has cheerfully gone to his "Welcome home." Hail and Farewell, Comrade!

Courtesy a Safeguard to Morals.

Anyone who is an observer of social customs notices how radical a change has taken place in the attitude of men toward women in the outward manifestations of respect for them. One of the most recent innovations is man's smoking in woman's presence under conditions that were formerly thought ungentlemanly. For a number of years there have been restaurants and places of public entertainment where men smoked while women were present, but the general impression was that neither the men nor the women who frequented such places were well bred. To-day in Chicago there are but few restaurants in which it is not the custom of the men who take their meals there to smoke at the table despite the presence of women, very frequently even of those that they have themselves brought there. They may have asked if the smoke would be offensive, but what woman, save in an intimate relation to the man, is going to say that it is offensive? She usually endures the disagreeable fumes with which the selfishness of the man pollutes the air. But more frequently he smokes without asking permission. This in a public place is bad enough, but it fell to my lot to meet in a worse form this new departure and incidentally to learn what the young men of our land think about it. A number of young people were guests in a country home of great beauty and elegance. The young men had lately graduated at one of our greatest and oldest universities. After dinner it was the custom of the young men to light their cigars or cigarettes without asking permission or awaiting the retirement of the ladies and fill the air and the dessert with the vile odors of the burning tobacco of the cigars and the questionable odors of the cigarettes. This shows the attitude of the young men of to-day, the men of affairs of tomorrow. Why has this condition of affairs come to pass? Does it arise from the cowardice of good women who seem afraid to say that this is objectionable to them? or do men respect women less than their fathers did? I suspect that it arises from mixed causes. Men respect good women today as much as they ever did; even though the manner in which they express it is less chivalrous, less showy. That women have been cowardly in not denouncing the growth of this habit of smoking in their presence is, I believe, true, and a desire not to seem prudish and to please is the cause of their reluctance to assert themselves against it. Another reason why men thus violate the laws of good taste is because so many women smoke. When the path to a smoker's habits lay along the way of a strong cigar it was too thorny for a delicate woman to follow, but the way is now made easy by the insidious cigarette and many women of the so-called higher circles have acquired the smoking habit. This has lessened the re-

spect of men for them and made easy the encroachment of their selfishness until now not alone is the air polluted in parks and upon excursion boats and all places where people gather for pleasure, travel or business, but the very food we eat has to be taken with the same pollution.

Most largely this has come about through the insidious effects of tobacco. For more than the use of liquor in any of its forms does the use of tobacco produce selfishness, not alone in the manner of its use, but in all things. The inveterate tobacco user seems to lose a sense of the rights of others, he insists upon his own comforts and pleasures being considered before those of any one else. This peculiar effect of tobacco has often been observed and commented upon but has not been given a place of sufficient importance in combatting the evil. In this fact we see how the man, and, we must regretfully add, the woman who smokes, has come to disregard the rights of others to the great degree now prevailing, in which respect is shown to none.

If women are to retain the great respect that men have given them they must beware how they allow the outer barriers of the expression of that respect to be broken down, for the selfish pandering to sensuous desires on the part of many men knows no limit and the only safeguard is to demand and command the respect due their womanhood. That they may command it it is necessary to frown down the growing habit of the use of tobacco among women. It would seem that such a cause would command the adherence of all good women, and yet such is the moral indifference of our age that but few are interested in combatting this evil. If we do not as a people arouse to the need the future will reap a harvest of blighted, wasted lives.

The cigarette habit among our boys and girls will deter progress and cause evil consequences as no other evil force now at work among us does, and this finds direct encouragement when the women of our land fail to use their influence to prevent the use of tobacco in their presence. W. M. B.

Music in the Grass.

I.

In the summer of the summer, when the hazy air is sweet
With the breath of crimson clover, and the day's a-shine with heat,
When the sky is blue and burning and the clouds a downy mass,
When the breeze is idly dawdling, there is music in the grass—

Just a thistly, whistly sound,
In the tangles near the ground;
And the flitting fairies often stop to listen as they pass:
Just a lisping, whisp'ring tune,
Like a bumblebee's bassoon,
In a far-away fantasia, is the music in the grass.

II.

Would you know what makes the music? On each slender, quivering blade
There are notes and chords and phrases by the bees and crickets played,
And the grasshoppers and locusts strive each other to surpass
In their brave interpretation of the music in the grass.

By the roguish breezes tossed,
You might think it would get lost,
But the careful fairies guard it, watching closely as they pass.
So on every summer day,
Sounding faint and far away,
Is the mystic, murmuring marvel of the music in the grass.

—*From the August St. Nicholas.*

The First Skylark of Spring.

TWO worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vext region at my feet—
Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade, of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made,—
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on!

Not loftiest bard, of mightiest mind,
Shall ever chant a note so pure,
Till he can cast this earth behind
And breathe in heaven secure.

We sing of Life, with stormy breath
That shakes the lute's distempered string:
We sing of Love, and loveless Death
Takes up the song we sing.

And born in toils of Fate's control,
Insurgent from the womb, we strive
With proud unmanumitted soul
To burst the golden gyve.

Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars;
On thee no shreds of thraldom hang:
Not more enlarged, the morning stars
Their great Te Deum sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,
And but forget my bonds an hour;
In amplitude of dreams a god,
A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,
And fretful ignorance irks it more.
Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,
And lightly held'st thy lore!

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
The sweet sky seemed not far above,
And young and lovesome came the note;—
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old,
And dreamlike from afar recalls;
In flashes of forgotten gold
An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one
Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;
Less inaccessible the sun,
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
And of the courts of heaven art free,
And carriest to his temporal ears
News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
Where mortal and immortal merge,
And human dies divine.

—*William Watson.*

An Impenetrable Realm.

It has always been wonderful to us that the metaphysician and the naturalist should rush in where angels fear to tread, and lay down positive rules and hard and fast lines about the limitations of animal intelligence. Away back in the days of the early psychologists we were told that the brute had instinct, but not reason. It was even a moot point whether he had memory or not, his obvious recollection of past events being ascribed to a "mere association of ideas." The latest and most careful students of animal life are scarcely more liberal or more tolerant. The opinion of John Burroughs as a naturalist stands as high as that of any living man perhaps. In recent magazine articles he has stated the old position, only a little modified, denying to animals all capacity for abstract reasoning and attributing almost everything they do to instinct and inherited capacity. It is so obvious, however, that Mr. Burroughs' reasons are inspired by a natural and wholesome reaction against the insipid sentimentalities and falsehoods which crowd the animal romances of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton and his imitators that, while we can forgive his impetuosity, we can scarcely trust his logic.

It is now stated in the European news that a German has educated a stallion to about the same extent that a boy of the same age would be under the same tuition. The horse is declared able to solve arithmetical problems of considerable difficulty, to form sentences, to discriminate colors and tones, and in general to exhibit a mental faculty quite on a par with the average human being. Many people will accept this through love of the marvelous; but others, wiser and more rational, we think, will accept it as quite possible upon grounds of a broad and general survey of nature and of life.

Nothing is more impudently self-assertive, nothing more openly without possible warrant of ascertained fact, than the denial to the animal creation of the same kind of intelligence, limited only by development and scope, that informs human beings. The truth of it is that we can neither assert nor deny. We know only a trifle more about the mental processes of any animal than we do about the characteristics of the inhabitants of the planet Mars, if such there be. Between us and the so-called lower animals there is a great gulf fixed. Absence of means of intelligent communication has forbidden us to bridge it. Once in a while a gust of air or some swiftly flowing current wafts over to us from that unknown shore signs of animal intelligence which are to us what the floating evidences of life carried across the Atlantic were to Columbus and his followers. We may believe that there is a continent of intelligence in all the world of brute creation about us; but we know nothing of its size, its contents or the laws that govern it. How utterly unscientific, how laughably bumptious, how deliciously human it is for us to assume that the intelligence which man possesses and displays is a product lonely of its kind in all this universe of life.

All the analogies run the other way. The doctrine of evolution stands squarely across the path of the notion that rational intelligence is a property of human beings alone. Highly developed products do not appear upon the earth as miracles of instantaneous creation. They are evolved through countless ages by slow degrees; and their varying stages can be traced in the living framework or in the evidences of the rocks. That is what we should expect of intelligence. We should, if we did not know anything about it, naturally assume that it, too, has been developed; and that we should find infinite varieties and gradations of it, from its highest development in human genius to the first faint spark somewhere down the chain of animal existence. That there is a great boundary wall between the human animal and all other kinds of animals in this matter of intelligence, over which no current of rationality has ever leaped, is *a priori* absurd and scientifically unthinkable.

The only worthy scientific attitude on this vexed question is one of agnosticism. As to the mental operations of the brutes, except within a certain very circumscribed field, we know nothing. What may be passing in the mind of the dog, while his softly loving eyes are fastened upon his master's face, apparently with the passionate wish to communicate thought for thought, we cannot understand. We may build romances on the one side about an imaginary spirit prisoned in that rude house and struggling pathetically to express itself; or we may build a theory of a bare cell, within which there is nothing but brute instinct, could we see it all through that window of the eye. We have no basis for affirming or denying either the one or the other. The man who tells the story of an animal's life as if it were a highly developed child, and the man who tells the same story as if the animal were a mere piece of mechanism, moved only by inherited tendencies as little understood of it as the steam pressure is of the piston that it forces back and forth, are alike unscientific and fantastic.

The only attitude befitting honesty and sincerity is that of present negation and future hope. All that we have any right to say is that all scientific discovery and all modern thought is moving in the direction of unification—point toward one faith, one hope, one soul, a single energy of which and by which are all things. If this be true we may yet come to look at the brute creation, terrible or beautiful or loyally serving, as the case may be, with the eye less of the lord and master than the elder brother; whose duty also is understanding and service.—*The St. Paul Globe, August 21, 1904.*

The Womans' Civil Improvement League.

The Woman's Civic Improvement League of Kalamazoo, Mich., has finished its experiment in the way of showing how the streets of the city may be effectively cleaned and kept so. It will be recalled that they asked for permission to take charge, through the Department of Health, for the cleaning of Main street for three months for a distance of six and a half blocks, the city to pay them a sum equal to that usually expended for this work, and, further, to provide the appliances customarily supplied. They inaugurated the Waring system, and had the streets frequently flushed, placed metal boxes on the corners plainly marked as waste receptacles, secured the co-operation of the abutting property owners and tenants, and procured the enforcement of long-neglected ordinances. After the experiment had been successfully concluded, a report was prepared by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who had initiated the movement. The New York *Outlook* editorially commends this municipal work, which is much more onerous than casting a ballot. It says:

"This Kalamazoo experiment clearly indicates what women can do; what officials can do if they will only go about the work in the right way; and that the average community does not so much need more laws, ordinances, and regulations as it needs the enforcement of those already on the statute-books. The local authorities of Kalamazoo have learned their lesson, as they have agreed to continue the good work begun by the women."

The *Outlook* might learn its lesson from the Kalamazoo experiment that women are able to enforce laws without carrying guns.—*From the Woman's Journal.*

THE PULPIT.

"The Secret of Jesus."

Benjamin Fay Mills is nothing if he is not an evangelist. By training, habit and temperament he is a missionary. When he believed in the "scheme of salvation" that trusts in the atoning blood of Jesus, he presented the same with signal power to great multitudes of men and women in all parts of our country. He then swayed his audiences by his passionate appeals. When by such growth of thought as becomes a live man, the point of emphasis was changed for him from death to life, from the tragedy on Calvary to the appeal on the Mount, his zeal was not chilled and his fervor was not abated. While the odium of heresy now keeps the crowds aloof still men and women in large numbers listen to him gladly, and his new propaganda is being watched with interest by those who differ from as well as by those who agree with him.

UNITY is glad to announce that it is able to publish in successive issues seven articles under the above caption by Mr. Mills, into which he has tried to condense his present message in regard to the fundamental message based on what he deems to be the fundamental facts in the life of Jesus. Mr. Mills solicits correspondence and suggestions concerning this presentation, his permanent address being 255 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California. The following is a list of the titles of the seven articles which may be expected in the forthcoming numbers of UNITY, the first number of which follows below.

I. "The Life Principle of Jesus." II. "Can Men do What Jesus Said?" III. "Communion With God in Material things." IV. "Non-Resistance." V. "Loving Your Enemies." VI. "The Gate-Way to the Kingdom." VII. "The Final Judgment." EDITOR.

The Life Principle of Jesus.

BY BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

I.

The Life Principle of Jesus was Absolute Truth as the attitude of the mind, expressed in perfect love as the practice of the life. In this sense, trust and love are the same. It does not matter whether we say, Trust God and Love men, or, Love God and Trust men, or, Love God and men; the significance is identical.

Every man who learns to live has, sooner or later, to make a definite choice between faith in order or belief in chaos. Either order reigns and life may be fully trusted, or chaos utters the first and last words, and life is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Jesus was a soul who perceived order everywhere, the reign of Principle, yesterday, to-day and forever, and unreservedly committed himself to it.

"He endured, as seeing the invisible." He practically believed in an Intelligent, Purposeful, Beneficent, Efficient, Omnipresent, Trustworthy, Knowable Cause of the Universe. In the material world of nature, he communed with it; in the immaterial world of force, he coöperated with it; in the conditions and events of life, he welcomed it; in his personal experience, he cheerfully submitted to it; in his fellow-men, he loved it; in his own highest nature, he trusted it. To him the Spiritual was identical with the Real.

This Universal Source, Purpose, Wisdom, Energy and End of Existence, he personified, and called *The Father.* All that has been and is and can be, was to him an expression of God. Not only himself, but all men and things were on their way from God to God, and the spiritual significance shone through the seed and the harvest, the saint and the sinner; through his lonely, uncomprehended life and his shameful death, until he might have expressed his faith in the words of one of his spiritual ancestors, "From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

His attitude was directly the opposite of that of the agnostic. The agnostic holds that we may know only that which is testified to by the senses and the judgment born of sensual experience. Jesus understood that all apparent knowedge derived from the senses is illusory, but that the selfless soul may know even as also he is known. To him, God was the one inescapable, knowable Reality. His theology might be summed up in the statement that God is trustworthy and may be known by man in proportion to his trust. All have had flashes of this consciousness, but here was a man of whom another well says that "all the way from the carpenter's bench to Calvary, he was conscious of God."

A ministerial friend, asked to tell a dying woman, who had lived frivolously, in one sentence, the important fact to believe concerning God, said, "Believe that God is just what Jesus of Nazareth said that he was." But the important experience is not to believe this in an intellectual sense, but the committal of the life to this great principle of absolute trust. The word *believe* in our New Testament is the Greek word *commit,* and is sometimes translated, *commit.* The secret of the life and victory of Jesus was his entire committal of himself to this principle. It was more than submission; it was an exultant acceptance of the will of God. He might well have said, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God, Thy law is written on my heart." Here was one who bore the heaviest burden and wore the hardest yoke of history and yet he affirmed that his yoke was easy and his burden light.

By the exercise of absolute truth, Jesus recognized the Father in Nature, in Experience, in his Fellow-men and in his Own Great Soul.

I. NATURE. He not only used natural objects and processes as illustrations of his ideas, but he communed with the inner substance. I would not say that "the conscious water saw its God and blushed," but rather that his conscious soul saw God in the water and it responded to his recognition. To him there were "no gentle oaks, no pagan pines;—the wayside weed was sacred unto him."

I am not staggered at the reputed miracles of Jesus. Of course I cannot affirm that they occurred, of my own knowledge; but they seem to me, for the most part, entirely consistent and inherently probable, provided we accept the record of his moral life and believe in his apparent spiritual consciousness. Of course, I do not believe in abnormal violations of what we call natural law, but, to my mind, we cannot overstate the potency that lies in the absolute trust of a reverent soul. No man can say what the results of an absolutely trustful life would be until he tries it; but, as far as men have progressed along this path, they have realized that what would be impossible to the ordinary experience of a selfish man, would be possible, normal and certain to a thoroughly trustful soul. The healing of the sick—even the raising of the dead—the instantaneous instead of the usual slow process of the transformation of the form of substance—or the quieting of the storm, may be the appropriate expressions of the Infinite Energy through an entirely surrendered soul. The power to take the life again may be dependent on the power to lay it down. And whether the Supreme Will, working through the willing personality of Jesus, ever chose to revitalize his earthly body or not, it is certain that this might have occurred, and it is also certain that this quality of voluntary unity with the unseen God cannot be buried in any grave. We must ever

> "Be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense."

II. EXPERIENCE. His practical philosophy might

have been summed up in the words, "Accept joyfully all the experiences of life." The one recorded utterance of his youth is a sufficient key to all his life,—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It would be worth a hundred lives to learn this:—to know it at twelve years of age and practice it for thirty years is to be a Savior of the world.

The Temptation is a record of the final determination of his soul to take no short cuts, except such as came in the path of performance of the nearest duty. This is indeed the one short cut, but no man can see this from the hither-side of experience. One of the side-lights that would help me to believe that Jesus could work "miracles," would be that he is never reported to have wrought any for his own sake. If he was tired, he rested; and when he was hungry, he made no stones into bread for his personal benefit. The sentence he used to quiet the inclination to try his occult powers to satisfy his physical hunger,—"man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,"—was not original, but was an old Hebrew proverb, in which the last clause meant everything that should come to a man in the course of his individual experience. In other words, the life of man did not consist in the abundance of the things that he possessed, but in the cheerful acceptance of all that could come to him while walking in the path of duty.

The suggestion that he cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple referred to an ancient Jewish tradition that the Messiah would appear, flying down from the highest point of the sacred edifice. Why should he not do this, and meet with universal acclaim, and obviate the necessity of years of the attempt to instruct unresponsive souls, and of other unrewarded effort? Why must there be a Gethsemane or a Calvary? Here he learned that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," but that it can only be revealed by the glorification of that which is, rather than by its magic transformation into something else. He chose the real instead of the apparent good.

So, too, the third temptation was the suggestion to sacrifice quality to quantity, the living word to the superficial extent of dominion. Alexander from little Macedon and Cæsar from provincial Rome had conquered the world. Why might not he, with those great powers of which he must have been conscious, sweep out with the devoted Jews and raise Jehovah's banner over every land in every clime? Could he not then easily indoctrinate his subjects and establish the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth? But Jesus was not Mohammed and he clearly saw that "they that take the sword must perish by the sword." When he definitely made this political devil of expediency, who subtly advocates the doing of evil that good may come, understand that, as for him, he would cheerfully serve the God revealed in the experience of his unfolding human life, and him alone, then indeed the angels of knowledge, character, wisdom, strength, peace and courage spoke to his soul and he returned to his life among men "in the power of the Spirit."

He taught men to be entirely trustful concerning the material sustenance of life and the accumulation of material things. He said, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed. . . . But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." In other words, *"Live trustfully; organize your lives divinely, to give rather than to get, and all your material needs will be naturally supplied. The morrow is alive, it will think for itself; you need not accumulate riches, but direct your energies to living the trustful and unselfish life and responsive Nature will provide what is appropriate to your real necessity."* What he meant by this is indicated by what he did. He gave himself "not to be ministered unto, but to minister" and received what came to him without striving for it, as the wise and loving gift of God. He exemplified the principle also in his association. He killed out ambition, and yet he worked "as those who are ambitious." He sought "not honor from men." He might have given Wesley's answer, when asked why he did not justify himself against a slanderous attack on his reputation, "When I gave myself to God, I put my reputation in." He was misunderstood and misinterpreted and finally deserted, and yet he so trusted the Immanent Presence that he could say to his disciples, "Ye shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

But the supreme illustration of his life and of all history is given by his attitude toward the seeming failure of his mission and premature death. We read that some time before the latter, evidently regarding death as an incident in life, he was considering "by what death he should glorify God." If he then saw the necessity and significance of his death, he seems to have at least partially lost the consciousness later, when it would indeed have been necessary for his vision to have been veiled, if he were to experience the pressure of the hardest conditions and win a real victory. For "though he was a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." He needed to be tested to the uttermost, until it should be true that

> "Every word that he spoke had been fiercely furnaced
> In the blasts of a soul that had struggled in earnest."

He had to meet the last trial and show that he had no concern for the personal life apart from the whole, that he could even there ask the question, not "Is this good for me?", but "Is it for the good of the whole?", in other words, "Is it the will of the Father?" I like to think of him as seriously smiling when he said, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Suppose that Jesus had not been willing to die, would he have been the son of God? He had apparently failed. Not one soul had comprehended him; not one friend was loyal to him. The strongest of his followers so misconceived his life that Jesus called him "Satan;" the two next in rank disputed as to how they could surpass their fellows in worldly glory in the purely earthly kingdom that they hoped the Nazarene would establish; Judas, the only officer of the band of twelve, betrayed him; Peter denied him and cursed and swore, as he affirmed that he had never known him and, in the hour of danger, "they all forsook him and fled." He had known the Father and known the process by which he had known him and he had been confident that he could tell his secret and impart his sense of divine communion to his fellow-men; but he had apparently ignominously and completely failed; none had believed his report and to none had the arm of the Lord been revealed. The Garden of Gethsemane was the symbolic laboratory of human experience in which this greatest of human souls took "sides with the universe against all and sundry, including himself" and rallied on his relation to the Universe, which his ruin must benefit. He said, "O my Father, if this cannot pass away except I drink it, Thy will be done." From that garden he could go forth to sublimely bear the cross, saying, at last, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." There was no other way than by this experience that he could teach humanity the value of absolute trust. "All that he asked of the world was a cross on which to die." And the cross of Christ is the pictorial lesson that it is worth while going all lengths in cheerfully doing or bearing the will of God, indicated by the necessary events of human experience.

The enemies of Jesus, who for the time symbolized incarnate selfishness and pride, endeavored by the cross of dishonor to stifle the call of their own consciences to the divine life; and the concentrated powers of injustice, intolerance and hate did their worst against this unresisting soul; but the cross rose up and smote these crucifiers unto death and, while its work is by no means ended in human history, it has been the principal agent in our Western world tending to the extinction of the deadly qualities exemplified in the men who crucified Jesus of Nazareth. Because he was so low in selfless confidence in the Eternal, "God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name that is above every name," the world's heart has been melted to compassion and many eyes have been opened to see God thus "manifest in the flesh;" and even the cross itself, the cruel gallows that was the emblem of the deepest shame, has been made to glow with the highest splendor, as the symbol of the greatest human glory, not to be distinguished from the divine.

And Jesus affirmed that by the same process of humble trust, men might arrive at the same results. He said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

III. Men. It is easy for us to see God in Jesus, or in some other godly soul, but the highest distinction of Jesus was that he could see God in all sorts and conditions of men. Some one has written a story, called, I think, "A Heavenly Visitor," in which is related the experience of an inhabitant of heaven during a visit to earth. The family where he was entertained showed him the various sights of a great city, and finally, on one occasion, took him into the slums. As the vilest men and women and the most notorious criminals were pointed out to him, his face would light up with a look of recognition and he would take a step forward as if he were about to greet some dear friend. When the party had returned to the dwelling, his host asked the heavenly visitor how it was that he seemed to be acquainted with the vilest specimens of humanity. He replied, "I have lived so long in the presence of Christ that I have come to know every expression of his face, every glance of his eye, and his every gesture; and I did not see one person to-night who did not in some respect remind me of my master." It might have been said of Jesus himself, that he did not see one human being in whom he did not perceive the presence of God. He told his disciples that the failure to discern the value of a human soul, under any disguise, was a failure to recognize God himself. He said "every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; but whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire." This word, Raca, is an expression of contempt, indicating that its object is worthless, and the word translated fool, is a Hebrew expression of condemnation. In other words, Jesus taught that the failure to perceive worth in any human being is a failure to know God, that can bring upon the individual only the purifying discipline by which he may be trained to a life of perfect trust in men. When he exhorted his disciples to be perfect as their Father in Heaven was perfect, we may see from the context that this perfection of the Father, which Jesus expected his disciples to attain, was this impartiality of regard for all classes of people. He said that the Father does not distinguish in his treatment between the evil and the good, the just and the unjust, and he himself associated on equal terms with the most degraded and despised men and women. No one will understand Jesus until he learns that he seriously meant to ask men to trust the violent, the unjust, the seemingly irresponsible, the despised, the degraded, and, in general, those whom men ordinarily regard as untrustworthy. Enemies were to be forgiven without condition and without limit; no injury or imposition was to be resented or resisted; unjust claims were to be overpaid; loans were to be made to the impecunious without expectation or hope of any return; in fact, the true disciples were to sell all they had and give to the poor.

We are not just now concerned with the problem whether these teachings of Jesus are of universal application or not, but only with this question, Did he mean what he said and did he attempt to apply this principle to his own actions? There are one or two incidents which are somewhat difficult to understand from this point of view, but the whole tendency and trend of his life certainly exemplified these precepts and indicate that he himself was moved by some great principle that led him to act, in these respects, in a manner opposite to that customary among men. He was called "The friend of publicans and sinners."

Even more than the criminals of their own nation, the Jews hated and despised the Romans and Samaritans, but Jesus treated the Romans as he treated his own compatriots, and while almost all of his parables are susceptible of more than one interpretation, it seems to me that many of them, for example, the parables of the Prodigal Son and of Dives and Lazarus, have their first and most natural application in the warning to the Jews that if they did not live humbly toward God and in brotherly fellowship with their fellow-men, their opportunity of high spiritual enlightenment would be taken from them and given to people that would bring forth the fruits thereof.

The most spiritual discourse of Jesus is said to have been delivered to a despised Samaritan, an outcast woman; and one of the greatest of his parables is that in which he puts the officials of the Jewish religion to shame, in order that he may glorify the good deeds of a Samaritan, supposed by the Jews to be beyond the kindly regard of God. He washed the feet of his fishermen disciples and told them that he had given them an example, that they were to do to one another as he had done to them. His sublime and unlimited trust unto the end at last transformed these weak and timid followers into men of power, with unlimited courage. He gave as a test of the final judgment, the loving ministry to the hungry and thirsty and naked and sick and criminal; saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." One of the best incidents recorded concerning him, whose authenticity is questioned, but which seems inherently probable, represents him as saying to a woman who had been taken in a shameful sin, "Neither do I condemn thee." The agony of Jesus in the garden was not caused by his fear of death, but I think he was staggered for a little by the feeling that he had staked all on his confidence in men and had seemingly lost. When he was dying upon the cross, we find him telling the crucified malefactor that he would meet him in his Father's Kingdom. Emerson relates an incident from Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage in which the exasperated female pirate, Julietta, says to the crew of the captured vessel, "Why slaves, 'tis in our power to hang you," and the master of the vessel answered, "Then 'tis in our power to be hanged and scorn you." It was in the power of this man to be hanged and to love those who were putting him to death. The words that he uttered were not part of a merely dramatic presentation, but the expression of the real desire of his heart, and his genuine thought concerning what ought to come to these worst of men who were legally murdering him, when he said, "Fa-

ther, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

IV. His Own Soul. Emerson well asks in Self-trust, "Who is the trustee?" and Jesus perfectly answered that question. He entered into his "inner chamber" and there he found the Eternal. A recent writer suggests that where most men say, "It seems to me," Moses had so learned upon whom he relied, when he spoke from the inmost, that he said, "Thus saith the Lord." The "one man who was true to the best that is in you and me" said even more: "I and my Father are one." This was no mere dogmatic or metaphysical assertion, but was the result of fearlessly exploring his own consciousness to the utmost. "A little deeper," said the wounded soldier of Napoleon, when the surgeon probed for the bullet above his heart, "A little deeper and you will find the emperor." And the supreme lesson of Jesus' trust in his own great soul is this, that the man who obeys the old Greek injunction, "Know thyself," finds God.

Living in this universal consciousness, it became true in a sense beyond the ordinary theological assertion that this was indeed, "God manifest in the flesh."

This was a high, sweet martyr-soul, a soul whose rock of confidence was a trust in the Kingdom of God, the divinity of the order of the universe. A soul whose first message to the world was concerning this kingdom, not only that it is, but that it is at hand, about us, above us, beneath us, enfolding and pervading all our lives and all life. At hand! within our reach and only needing that we should arouse faculties which we now possess, to perceive and realize it. A soul that climbed grand, majestic heights of serenity; that stood on mounts of transfiguration in long, sweet communion with the Infinite, until the infinite light within his earthly temple shone forth in radiant whiteness that spoke unmistakably of his heavenly origin, and lifted to moral ecstasy those privileged to stand with him there. Yet a soul so filled with the consciousness of his identity with all the lowliest, the most degraded, the most needy, the most pain-filled of all earth's children that there could be no gap between the cry for help and the sympathetic, help-pregnant response. A soul so one with all brother-souls that all their failures and sufferings were his; that he, indeed, sorrowed in their sorrows and was pained with their pain; yet a soul who learned so truly its own inner power, its supremacy over all the indications of inharmony with the perfect manifestation of divinity in every form of life, that he could speak peace to the stormy billows and send the great currents of divine strength and healing power through diseased and weakened physical channels. A soul that early understood the truth that entire self-giving is the only way of self-realization. A soul who discovered and powerfully proclaimed that the finest, most God-like qualities of heart and mind, brought to light in the practical life, are the stones that build the pathway to blessedness and victory. A soul whose bitterest dregs of agony were quaffed when the messages that thrilled with divine love and wisdom were apparently refused by his brethren. A soul whose truest triumph came when from out the broad expanse of thought, into which he had unquestionably passed, there came the sublime utterance, "Father, forgive them! Infinite Love and Power! loose them, free them from the bonds they are forging for themselves because of their own ignorance, their blindness to truth." The soul that in that hour—can we doubt it?—looked up and on and saw the gradual emancipation of all the children of earth, the children of the Infinite Divine, saw their emergence into the boundless realm of spiritual light and beauty and truth and love. Is it wonderful that men should, in their beliefs and creeds, have deified the soul that shone with such star-like radiance? Let us honor the instinctive appreciation of eternal truth and beauty that led them in their formulation of thought in regard to him, but let us remember that if we say, "Here was one who was differently constituted from his human brothers, who had some exclusive right to this wisdom, this power, this exquisite sympathy and unfailing love, we limit and belie the infinitely generous wealth and the universal Fatherhood of God. The young Rafael, introduced into Michael Angelo's studio, felt his divine call and exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter." Share we not all in the largeness of the Father's love, the fineness and the beauty of his nature? We are all children of the highest and all the prodigal richness of his nature is ours. In our growing perception of the fact that the old expressions of faith may be inadequate to the needs of the developing stature of the universal man, let us not believe less concerning the moral grandeur of the Christ, but more concerning ourselves, let us believe that in the loveliness and power of his supernatural manhood, we had but a glimpse of what we all may be; of what we yet shall be. Let us give ourselves to lives of absolutely trusting love. "To be disinterested is to be strong," and the man who asked nothing for himself, conquered and is conquering the world.

"Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life," but the gate is lockless and unbarred and the way is so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein. The way of the cross is the way of light. The path of trust is the path of knowledge, wisdom, purity, peace and power.

Who wants the mind that was in Christ Jesus, "who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross." The position is still open. The weary world rolls on, groaning under its burdens of ignorance and incompleteness and its sins and sorrows, and the myriads of men and women chase their illusions and delusions in idle thoughtlessness, or fall prone in despair and cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

> "But here and there, upon the Sun,
> Some man still fixes dauntless eyes
> And cries, 'Amen! it is begun,
> Let the new man in me arise.'"

Anniversary Hymn.

Our Father's God, whose wealth of Love
  Enwraps the circling worlds as one,
Look down upon us from above,
  As humble followers of thy Son;

As heralds of a gospel free,
  Whose mission is to serve mankind,
And bring the wide earth all to Thee,
  All hearts in truth and love to bind.

We bless Thee that thy fostering care,
  For annual rounds full seventy-five,
Has crowned with good this vineyard fair,
  Whose Faith and Hope and Love survive.

Be with us as in joy we meet,
  Our Faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Grateful thanksgiving to repeat,
  And courage strong for future years.

May hallowed memories of the past,
  Kindle our souls with love anew,
With deeds that time and death outlast,
  Fruits of religion's vision true.

Fulfilled be Jesus' tender prayer,
  That all Thy children one shall be—
One in Thy Truth and Love to share,
  One Heaven, one Home, one Family!

—*A. Judson Rich.*

Letters From Frank Wood to Jess.

Reprinted from "Jess"; Bits of Wayside Gospel, pp. 31-38. See editorial, "Sweet Bells Jangled out of Tune."

There is another link in this story of Jess which I give, not only for completeness' sake, but because it adds another illustration of the silent companionship that binds man to beast, the horse to his rider. For many years I have been the recipient of occasional letters, searching scraps from newspapers, and other reachings after fellowship, from one who was drawn to me through the columns of the paper it is my task and privilege to edit. They come from a veteran of the Union army, a broken brother, a comrade who has passed through the terrible fire of the battles which are the price of mental as well as of physical freedom. Through the long years that have elapsed since the terrible day at Stone River, when the fragment of a shell did its fell work upon the mystic brain tissues that are the trysting places of thought, this comrade and brother has been pathetically waiting for the release that death brings from pain and solitude.

While in the midst of the first preparation of my sketch of Jess, I received from this pathetic source a weird contribution to my discourse. A note bearing date of June 5th, 1894, came from a distant southern city addressed to the "Editor of UNITY." It said: "Fearing you might not get my horse's photograph, I got out of bed, forced food down a parched throat, and came over a mile through the hot sun to secure the mailing of this. UNITY has been my food while I have been dying, crayfishing fashion, and I want you to get the picture." The next day an express package arrived, containing the tintype of a spirited horse, bridled and saddled with a military outfit. The picture was accompanied with various unsuccessful attempts at composition; but among the papers were two tolerably clear letters addressed to Jess, purporting to be written to her by the spirit of "Frank Wood," the transfigured horse of this long-suffering soldier of the Union army. The only knowledge my correspondent could have had of the silent companion of my midsummer wayfaring was through such hints as only a careful reader could glean from the columns of UNITY. Perhaps in these weeks there may have been a touch of weariness discoverable in the editorial columns. Perhaps the approaching midsummer rest provoked the quaint fancies embodied in these letters. Evidently at the time of writing he did not know that Jess, too, had passed over to the great majority, and had joined his "Frank Wood" in whatever heaven there may be in store for faithful horses. The first letter to Jess bore the date of May 5, 1894, showing that for more than a month his mind had been brooding over the memories of his horse and his fancies concerning mine. The first letter ran thus:

"May 5, 1894.

"DEAR JESS:—I hear your master is sick. Now I want you to be kinder to him than I was to mine. I send you my tin-type taken in Nashville in 1863. Your master has been kind to my master. My master was kind to me. Often he took his gum cover off for me in the storm. Instead of throwing my ears of corn on the ground he would cut them in little pieces for me and feed me out of his hand. One day, just as the sun was lingering on Lookout Mountain, master rode out beyond Waldon's Ridge to a lone grave marked by a wooden head-board. He knelt by it and cried as though a great storm pressed on him. I laid my nose on his shoulder and whinnied. I had often seen him go to the sick friend there buried. He was a gentle spirit crushed to the earth, not killed by a foe. Poor master seemed to wish he was there, but he was to live to see a beautiful home made desolate. Dear Jess, we bear our burdens on the outside, they on the inside. Thank God for being a brute. Be kind, be gentle, be obedient. As a running soldier of the regular army said to my master, 'Our glory here when alive, yours there when dead. So I run.' So our suffering is here, theirs there. Be as you wish I had been.

"FRANK WOOD."

"P. S.—Do you know I think that we whom men call 'brutes' have the best time. We are of money value; are taken care of. We bear our burdens on our backs, they in their hearts. We have no fear of the future. Our all is now. Their now is nothing. Their all is in the future. Our bodies may suffer for want of oats and hay, as so many of our kind did at Stone River; their souls starve for something far away that they value more than now."

The second letter bore the date of July 4th, 1898, and was evidently composed in anticipation of the patriotic celebration. It ran thus:

"JESS:—Although I have long been home in heaven I send you a message on this Liberty Day. Your master is working for a greater liberty than you celebrate. Thirty years ago master and I were in Nashville, Tennessee. Master talked to a captain who was at Vicksburg thirty-one years ago. He said he was so weary and hungry he did not care to dodge the shell the bluecoats fired at the gray. Another captain told of his Vicksburg experience. He had been up two nights, and when he asked for relief he was given one hour in which to sleep. When these human bipeds suffer so much for liberty, we quadrupeds ought to help them. Your master is fighting in a struggle greater than ours, as much greater as the hawk is greater than the cage, the mind greater than the body. So again I say be kind, gentle, obedient. I am sorry I was not thus always. Once I thought I was smart and that I would not be a slave; I would run away and take 'Bet' with me. But she said, 'Stay. Our master is kind.' I had learned to untie any knot he could make. One day just at dark master got on me and rode out alone. He was stopped by a little negro boy. He dismounted and crawled to the top of the hill. He came back, mounted me, turned and ran me as fast as I could run to a hill; then seeing some men he ran me to them and jumped off. One of the men caught me. He ran to a tent. Then all the men came around, and mounting horses began to run them in all directions. All night long this was going on. No sleep, no rest to them. I lay down. Almost as soon as light came all began to move. The men went first. We then went in another direction with the mules and wagons. Then they arranged the wagons so the mules were behind them. Master tied me with an easy knot to a wagon. He lay down on a fallen tree. I thought I would be smart and untie myself. I was then starting to run, when his colored boy caught me. He tied me to a small tree and took a long time. By and by some horses came to meet me. They did not stop, but ran, and the men began to scamper. All was confusion. I saw master jump up and go to where I wished I was tied. When he saw where I was he turned and went back. Then without hat or coat he ran for me. He could not untie me, but pulled up the bush and jumped on me. He must have risked much, as all the men cheered when he rode up safe. It was to save me that he must have tied me. I was better after that. And so I say be gentle, be kind. Your master's health depends on you. He is at a grander work than my master was. Yours, "FRANK WOOD."

Behold, what sacred weavings cross the threads of life. How near us lies the real of mystery. Not only in the night but in the daytime the mysterious ships approach each other, salute, and pass. Try what figure we will, be it woven fabric or open sea, they are all inadequate. Whether we try to fathom the blind movement in the heart of a fractious horse or the awful agony of a man suffering from the shipwreck of faith and shattered hearthstones, our plumbline is too short. Everything from the trusting love of a horse up to the divine expiation on Calvary, everything from the long homesickness of the dog that walked from Kansas to Illinois to join his master up to the world-renouncing love of Prince Siddartha, the Light of Asia, bespeaks the unity of law and love, suggests harmony in complexity, simplicity in diversity. It is the harmony of progress, the simplicity of ethics and the sublimity of reverence.

"Restless, restless, speed we on,—
Whither in the vast unknown?
Not to you and not to me
Are the sealed orders shown:
But the Hand that built the road,
And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
Are such invitation sweet,
That where I no longer see,
Highway still must lead to Thee!"

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EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ELDER WORLD.

Recent Works.

All Souls Church, Chicago, is preparing to undertake for the third time a Sunday school course of study on the ethnic religions, being the second year's work in the seven years' course. The studies will be arranged under the following heads:

A. IMPERSONAL RELIGIONS. 1. Religion in the valley of the Nile; 2. Religion in the valley of the Euphrates; 3. Religion in the valley or the Ganges.

B. PERSONAL RELIGIONS. The Seven Great Religious Teachers: 1. Moses (reserved for third year's work); 2. Zoroaster; 3. Confucius; 4. Buddha; 5. Sokrates; 6. Jesus (reserved for fifth year's work); 7, Mohammed.

Apropos to this work the Conductor asked for suggestions of recent contributions to these studies from Professor Jackson of Columbia University and Professor Toy of Harvard, the result of which is given below. No attempt is made to enumerate the standard books by Monier Williams, Rhys Davids, Samuel Johnson, the publications of the S. P. C. K. Society of London, the Sacred Books of the East edited by Max Mueller and the various monographs and articles in standard encyclopedias. "The Great Religions of the World," published by Harper Brothers, 1901, is a book of James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" sort. "The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World" is a new and recent epitome of much value by J. Esther Carpenter published in England. The prices indicated are affixed by the Unity Publishing Company. We will be glad to publish further additions and suggestions in this direction.

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Columbia University in the City of New York, June 6, 1904.

PERSIA.

The most recent publication in the line of the Persian religion is my own German work (with bibliography).

Jackson, A. V. W. Die Iranische Religion in the grundress der iranischen. Philologie, 1904. Trübner.

The English work, Religion of Persia, which I am preparing for Jastrow's series is not yet published.

Another book to which you may refer is Franz Cumont, Mysteries of Mithra, Chicago, Open Court. (Price, $1.50 net.)

Among encyclopaedia articles you might look up that on the *Magi* in Hastings. It was done by Moulton and is a good piece of work.

Look up in the new Hastings also Moulton's contribution on *Zoroastrianism.*

In Encyclopaedia Biblica the article Persia (Religion) is by Geldner, and should be added.

Edw. Lehman has published in Danish (1900-1902) (?) a book on Zarathrustra. I have it not at hand to give the exact title.

In the new International Cyclopaedia I was in charge of the department of Indo-Iranian, and you can find some bibliographical references under my articles *Avesta, Magi, Zoroaster,* etc.

The other books you have in the bibliography of my *Zoroaster.*

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Additional suggestions solicited.

SOME WAR STATISTICS, REFLECTIONS AND PROTESTS.

A Belgian doctor has compiled some interesting statistics regarding lives sacrificed in the bloody wars of the nineteenth (the "wonderful") century. The grand total he puts at 14,600,000, distributed as follows:

Napoleonic wars	8,000,000
Crimean war	300,000
Italian war	300,000
War of secession	500,000
Franco-German war	800,000
Turko-Russian	400,000
Civil wars of South America	500,000
Colonial expeditions (Indies, Algeria, Mexico, Tonquin, Abyssinia, Transvaal, Madagascar)	3,000,000

Le Signal de Genève reproduces these figures without noting that, bad as they are, they fall considerably short of the total stated. Where did the other 800,000 come in? What of the war between Greece and Turkey and that between China and Japan?

And now in the brief period of the twentieth century we already have the frightful butcheries of the Transvaal and the Far East.

* * *

That was a telling cartoon in the Chicago *Record-Herald* the other day with the Mephistophelean paraphrase of the old commandment: Thou shall't not kill in batches of less than 20,000.

The assassination of Minister de Plehve and the outcry that is made over every similar crime call out some strong words in regard to the world's moral standards from Mr. Auguste de Morsier, in our Geneva exchange. He says in part:

"There is always the same routine: an anarchist hurls a bomb, at once urgent conferences are held, parliaments legislate, stricter laws are passed, anti-anarchist meetings are held in Rome, and attempts are made to form international agreements against what is supposed to be a sect organized for systematic crime. But when the murderous and commercial Madagascar expedition is decided on; when the Sultan is seen to massacre a small, defenseless people; or when a great civilized and especially Christian nation exterminates a rustic people in South Africa; when we see the New World terrorize the Philippines, and the English in armed pursuit even to the confines of Thibet of the populations that they wish to subdue to their authority; when we view the bloody colonization in the territory of the Herreros; finally, when this great nation called Russia, thickly set with temples with gilded belfries, priests and rites, crushes Finland after Poland, persecutes the Armenians by such methods that these, according to the testimony of travelers whom we know, prefer the Turkish regime which cuts off heads of the Russian which enslaves soul and conscience; when this great Christian nation orders to massacre thousands of little soldiers who know no more what they are fighting for than they know what Japan is; when this infamy, whose inglorious details are spread before us in the newspapers becomes every instant more bloody, should any one seek to touch or horrify us over the violent removal of De Plehve? No.

That act, which we certainly do not excuse, is one of the episodes, unfortunately inevitable, in the struggle of a people for its autonomy and its most sacred rights.

Russia is marching slowly but surely toward a social renovation which the near and terrible disasters awaiting it in the Orient can only accelerate.

So long as despotism in a country serves the mercantile interests of a class there will, unhappily, be blood shed. Every effort should be made to pacify and to obtain justice with peace. But at the very time when, for shameful political reasons, the Russian government is sending the young citizens of the country to the shambles in the Far East, we shall not grow emotional over the suppression of a man who, though with a certain courage, we must admit, was carrying on an anti-humanitarian task.

* * *

At the Amsterdam Socialist Congress, it is said, a Russian delegate and a Japanese delegate entered hand in hand to speak of the present terrible war.

The Japanese, Sen Katayama, spoke first and the whole audience rose to its feet and applauded his denunciations of the war in Manchuria, and his clear-cut statements as to Japanese

socialism. Plekhanov, the Russian, was still more enthusiastically cheered when he declared that it is not the Russian people, but its worst enemy, the Russian government, that is carrying on the war, and that if Japan be vanquished, it will really be the Russian people who will be defeated. The middle-class French people, he said, did not hesitate to give their gold to the Czar's government to carry on its cruel and tyrannous work, but the people, the true people, know better how to discriminate, and its sympathies go out to those who may perhaps overthrow the execrable caste by which Russia is enslaved. It is the working-class, the proletariat, international and internationalist, that is the only source of progress, peace and enfranchisement.

At the close of these addresses a resolution calling on the proletariat everywhere to protest against the sanguinary war in the Far East, to oppose in all possible ways its extension or aggravation, and to become more and more active and pronounced workers for international peace, was passed with enthusiastic unanimity.

M. E. H.

The Thrush.

When you hear that mellow whistle
In the beeches unespied,
Footfall soft as down of thistle
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Where God's utterances linger
Yet for him.

Built out of the firmamental
Shafts of rain and beams of sun,
Norse and Greek and Oriental
Here are one.

Gothic oak and Latin laurel
Here but sentry that wild gush
Of wood-music with their aural
Calm and hush.

—*Bliss Carman.*

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